

things, just to ride upon with my pony.'

The lady's eyes glistened like the tin were on the Yankee's wagon, when he produced the article. It took her fancy amazingly, and a bargain was soon struck for it, at 'the tarnation cheap price,' as the pedlar called it, of fifty dollars.

'And now gentlemen,' said our friend to his companion, 'what think you this same article was, which the varlet of a pedlar thus palmed off on the lady for a silver side-saddle?'

One grummed one thing and the other another. One a leather side-saddle washed over with silver—and the other the same article covered with paper. But every attempt to make out its character having failed, the Virginians at length gave it up.

'Well, gentlemen,' said our friend, 'since you have got a lock at passing, I will tell you the mystery—the silver side-saddle was a fire-kidney.'

'An article we Yankees use for roasting, and your country-women for riding.'

The two Virginians saw through the joke, but having committed themselves once, they probably refrained the rest of the journey from many Yankee stories.

Saturday Evening Post.

Circular between eight and nine thousand papers weekly.

The MASTERS.—The Floor Market established itself yesterday when purchases were made by sea house to the extent of about 6000 barrels at 6 dollars and 1000 at \$8 50, a part for immediate, and part for future delivery. Sales of 1000 barrels were made to New York, and 1000 barrels from wagon to 4 & 50-Landau Oil sold at 80 cents in barrels and barrels, and Whidbey at 33 1/2 cents from store—Price Current.

CITY POLICE.

MONTGOMERY, FEBRUARY 7.

A motley collection of "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," was brought before the Mayor this morning for examination. We had thought the excessive cold weather on Saturday and Sunday nights, would have kept many providers in close quarters, but a very few cases were examined, before we discovered that such characters always heat the *inside* in exact proportion to the cold *without*. As will be seen by the subsequent reports, every instance of quarrel and brawl arose from the profusion of steam and every conquest made by the water was a jolly worshipper of the jolly god, who had indulged too profusely in his libations, because "a little drop of the crater was indispensably necessary for a healthy state of the body."

The first case brought up was a journeyman Weaver, whom the watch found prooving about, exposing his constitution to the dilapidating influence of the night air. He said he was not in the habit of making nightly peregrinations, as he was always apprehensive of danger from the climate. He was fined for being intoxicated, and discharged.

Samuel Hemphill, a spruce, good looking country gentleman, in an antiquated dress, was next placed at the bar, on a charge of having taken an active part in a spree, which was kicked up on Sunday night, in Spruce street. In answer to the Mayor, he stated that he lived twenty-four miles from the city, and was now on a visit to his brother, residing in Philadelphia; that his uncouth appearance arose from his having been unable to find his brother, and the embarrassed state of his financial concerns.

He expressed great indignation that a gentleman of his cloth should be thus rudely handled, and that until this occasion, the watchman and himself had been total strangers. In reply, the Mayor told him poverty was no disgrace to a man who behaved honestly and correctly, and that he should pay regard only to his conduct, and not to personal appearance.

A widow wench, the name of a cellar in Water street, was the last of the bar. She had gone of her neighbours, and given or sold them to two men. She deemed the evidence against her too conclusive to admit of any doubt, and accordingly confessed her guilt.

Woman.—Want you forgive me this time; 'tis the first offence!

Woman.—No! I could forgive you if you had been detected begging, but I cannot forgive you for taking the property of others.

The watchman who had the woman in charge, stated that there were frequent brawls in the cellar in question, and that it was often necessary for him to step in and quell disturbances that originated there. The Mayor gave orders to the High Constables to have the cellar cleared on Monday night. The coloured lady was committed for trial.

A man, who represented himself as a Glass blower, was next arraigned on a charge of having been found drunk at the corner of Fourth and Walnut streets. He was fined and discharged.

The next case was one that afforded some little amusement to the audience. The watchman, whose round lies in the neighbourhood of Sixth and Race streets, deposed that he had found the prisoner in Race street, in a high state of bodily excitement. Upon asking him what he was doing, the prisoner told him he was "taking a *longue indigestion*." The watchman thought this rather singular, as there was no moon visible at the time, and advised him to go home; but the man's maddle was too full of eclipses and observations, of comets and fiery tails, and such like wonders, to think this advice seasonable. He was in the act of making discoveries which would settle long disputed disputes among Astronomers and Astrologers, and he deemed the intrusion of the watch high-handed officiousness, if not downright impertinence. Unfortunately for posterity, the watchman did not deem his probable discoveries of as much importance as the *lunatic* did, and Mr. *Spectator* was bundled off to "durance vile."

He had nothing to say in his defence; his dreams of immortality from his observations had been dissipated by the rays of morning, and he found himself, to his sorrow, no more than a common man. He was fined and discharged, the Mayor having first facetiously remarked that he who appeared so extremely fond of taking *observations*, would find his own conduct strictly *observed*.

A distressing looking woman, who represented herself as being out at service, was brought up, charged with having made a disturbance, while in a state of beastly intoxication at Mr. Holloman's tavern, in Chestnut street. Whether from shame or stubbornness, we cannot say, but she was wonderfully taciturn, and would make no reply, though frequently and peremptorily interrogated by the Mayor. With much difficulty, it was ascertained that she was a widow, and had several children, who, fortunately, were not within the reach of her pernicious example, being carefully provided for in the Catholic Asylum. She was committed for ten days.

Mr. Tompkins, who exercises the vocation of a knight of the Currycomb and Stable, at a tavern a short distance from the city, had been detected the night previous, sauntering about Hudson's alley. When accosted by the watchman, he earnestly solicited him to take him to a place where "two signs stood opposite each other," this being the only mark whereby any recognition of his proper lodging was retained. The watchman could not find the place conveniently, and provided him with quarters for the night at the town house. The Mayor gave Mr. Tompkins some excellent advice in regard to the sin of intemperance, which he took very pleasantly, say-

ing the next time he came to town, he would "try and keep sober."

The next was a more serious case. A man named Ferguson was arraigned on a charge of violently assaulting his wife. When the prisoner was called up to the bar, he laboured under the most violent agitation. He was unable to stand, and reclining on a seat, he shivered and shook, as if under the effects of an ague fit, while the perspiration poured off his face and brow in streams. The evidence against him showed that of late he had been in the habit of becoming intoxicated—that on Sunday, while under the influence of liquor, he wished to take his children on the river to skate—that his wife, fearing of trusting him with the children, interferred, and endeavoured to prevent his going, which so exasperated Ferguson, that he struck her. Her cries brought the police officers to her assistance. A pistol, a dirk, and a heavy broadsword were exhibited to the Mayor as being the instruments with which he interferreded himself against the interference of the officers; with the last, he had beaten his wife. Ferguson was then pained, and solicited the Mayor to let him go home and take medicine; the effects of the liquor he had drunk the day previous, and the excitement under which he was laboring, appeared to affect his system seriously. The Mayor replied that cold water and bread would be the best medicine he could take, and remarked that he felt no compassion for men who beat their wives—Respectable security being offered, he was released on bail, to be tried for assault and battery, at the next Mayor's court.

The next was a similar case. The citizens in the neighbourhood of Market and Twelfth streets were alarmed on Sunday evening, by the cry of murder, proceeding from the house of a man who knew an exhibition of animal in Market street. The witnesses who entered the house, deposed that they found the prisoner drunk; the house strewed with fragments of tea cups, pitchers, &c., the children were screaming, the wife weeping, and terrible confusion prevailed. The wife informed the gentleman that her husband had been beating her, and that she was afraid of being left alone with him. Upon which, Mr. *Exhibitor* was exhibited in the washroom, for the remainder of the night, and before the Mayor in the morning. The prisoner would fain have induced the Mayor to believe that a material part of the evidence was incorrect. "He certainly," he said, "must doubt the gentlemen's penetration in matters of that sort, if they charged him with being in a state of inebriety, undoubtedly ought to know more about such a circumstance than any other individual, and the gentlemen were undoubtedly mistaken." In respect to beating his wife, he denied it in toto. His wife, he said, had got into a strange temper, and commenced breaking all the dishes, to prove which, he had gently put her neck between his thumb and finger, upon which she hastily cried out *murder*. He was fined for being drunk, and required to give bail for his good behaviour. This case gave place to

Mr. Barney, a raw son of Erin, who, upon uncovering his face, exhibited a most woe-begone countenance. Deep and terrible scratches disfigured his face, his nose was clean out of its natural location, and one eye locked up in impetuous darkness. Mr. Barney said he had been woefully maltreated and murdered, and if it was justice to try and condemn a man after he had been killed, "it was a strange country for justice, the same." He discoursed eloquently on the subject of his wrongs, and ran into a rhapsody of argument and narrative, which, for ought we know, would not have been credulous, yet had not even a single witness been able to corroborate that he had found him in Spruce street, near Fifth, calling out lustily, "watch! watch!" upon coming up, he declared that he had been turned out of a house near by and cruelly murdered, simply for asking for a bowl of soup.

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On the 23rd December, the British Parliament adjourned till the 3d of February. Disturbances continued through the country, but were less violent than they had been. One of the rioters, sentenced to death, declared that he had been sent to prison by a *Colonel*.

In Ireland, O'Connell is as active as ever.

King William the 4th has transmitted to Edinburgh to be deposited in the Crown room, with the Regalia, a beautiful massive gilt cup, the last of the Garter, left in the hands of the late King, and a rose-diamond Brooch of St. Andrew, and Sapphire ring set round with brilliant, being Charles the 1st's Coronation ring.

The former of these Jewels which weighs about three pounds was presented to King James by the Queen, and the latter to the Duke of Cambridge in the religious ceremonies at the Catholic Chapel in Edinburgh on Christmas day, which were conducted with great splendour and solemnity by the ex-King, Charles X., the Duke and Duchess D'Angoulême, Duke of Berry, Duke of Rohan, and the Queen.

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Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
Emigrafical List of Books:

1. The opposite of day, two-thirds of a house of entertainment and a blast of wind.
2. What we do.
3. A consonant and three-eighths of a waver.
4. Four-fifths of a tempest and a consonant.
5. A playing-for no.
6. A consonant, the reverse of out and a number.
7. Three-fifths of a watery ground and a meadow.
8. A consonant and Noah's retreat during the flood.
9. Two-thirds of a travelling pedlar.
10. A serpentine letter, a pinch and a vowel.
11. A sorry fellow with part of his wigs.
12. Four-fifths of wild beasts, a measure and two-thirds of what all do.
13. Islands.
14. Five-fifths of a silver coin.
15. Three-fourths of a hunting-ground and da-

SALADIN.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THOSE TWO BRIGHT EYES.

Two bright eyes! those two bright eyes!
There's nothing half so bright as them!
They bound my waking hours, and rise
With every step, or if I wake,
I know that they're still looking on—
Till now—I love them so—To break
My very heart to see them gone!

Two black eyes! those two black eyes!
What would I give to call them mine!—
All that I have, or dearest price,
The ring—the bangle—the hair above me!
I'd give them all, if they would but love me!—
And I'd give them my last, but—bright—
They smile that from me long ago!

From the Cincinnati American.

HOW-DO-YA-DAYS?

At least how-do-you-days changed
Since I was six years old.
When all the girls were home-spun frocks,
And spruce hats and clean;

When all the boys were dressed in broad straw,
And had on their hats,

And laid neatly on the neck,
And fastened with a pin.

But now—a days the ladies wear
Fancy gowns, and lace, and bows,

The girls half a world of day,
In neat hooded caps or hats.

With gowns that do not fall as
As though they would not break in two,
With waist that will not break in two,
They are so very small.

I recollect the time when I
Rode father's horse to mill,
Across the river, road and field,
And when my folks were out at work,

As true as I'm a son,
I jumped upon a horse, bare back,
And rode the distance,

Down to you, ladies now—a days
Would stand like blocks and load,

To think of riding all alone,
Is a noise, chaise or carriage.

Or when I had a bad cold,
Or helping "Ma" to bake,

Oh! when "would spoil their lily hands,
Though sometimes they make cake."

When winter came, the maiden's heart
Was full of love, and the desire
Each beau would sweep their sweethearts out
Riding in a cart.

Or by the river side and said,
"I'll never let you go again,"

Would meet, and have some glorious fun,
And never mind the weather.

But now, indeed, it gives me much
The pleasure to mention,

Honesty keeps a man's heart,
And honest his intention.

He never can't ask a girl to ride,
Or when she comes to town,

And if he comes to her next week,
Why surely "she's engaged!"

I never thought that I should try
My hand at making rhymes.

It's not very difficult,

The present art is to make
One should speak morality,
In common school prises.

They say "Time older than the hills,
Or else turn up their nose."

HINTS TO WIVES.—I had for some time late been in the habit of giving instructions on the German language to a widow who had retired from business with a handsome fortune, and who, though a widower of many years of age, had had the courage to take for a second wife a young widow of thirty. They lived tolerably well together for a time. Their harmony was, however, at length, interrupted by the clatter of the lady's tongue, which was incessantly exerted to induce her spouse to make his will, not only in her favour, but in her presence. The good man, however, had a strong aversion to the continual rotation of tongue which never gave even an echo fair play." was induced to comply with her desire, and, taking her with him to his solicitor, bequeathed to her his whole fortune. The lady, in consequence, was for a short period in good humour and full of spirits; but, alas! through the instability of human affairs, she at length assumed an increased tone of violence and independence; and the climax of one of her curious lectures observed by her husband, as she was now provided for, was to dash as she pleased. That expression, making a powerful impression on the mind of Mr. Sperling, he, as soon as breakfast was ended the following morning, repaired to his attorney's, whom he informed that he had come for the purpose of making his will. "What?" said the lawyer, greatly surprised, "have you forgotten that you made your will six months ago?" "That was my wife's will," replied the client. "I am sorry to say, she has now died." He then cancelled his former testament, and by a new one divided the bulk of his property (one hundred & a year) among his relations, and to his kind red he assigned an annuity of two hundred pounds.—*Parke's Musical Memoirs.*

FOLLY.—Sir Joshua Reynolds being asked how he would personate Folly, in a painting, replied that he would represent a man climbing over a wall at the risk of his neck, with an open gate close by, "that's which he might fall over."

Folly's a thousand times
Over the wall of danger climbs;

"Let the dust!" Experience cries;

"Let me mount the bold steeds—
Yet once more dashes—he falls and dies."

An OSTRICH MAN.—A writer in the Christian Advocate, under the head of Trans-Atlantic collections, remarks: "What walls and roofs the attention of every visitor, whether scientific or otherwise, in the celebrated skeleton of an ostrich man. It is said to be the only instance of entire osification of man ever known. It is the skeleton of a man named Clarke, who was a large, fat, and strong, and robust constitution. Falling at the same time, air, during a state of perspiration, he caught a severe cold, at which time it supposed osification commenced, and continued to progress for years, by slow degrees; until finally he was all bone except the skin, eyes, and nostrils. For a length of time he could not move, and death in this insensible and terrific form, crept over him by slow degrees, until at length his teeth grew together into one solid mass of bone, so that to prolong his miserable existence, an aperture had to be broken, through which to pour nourishment.

HOURS OF STUDY.

"On morning wings how active springs the mind,
That leaves the load of yesterday behind."

It has been usual with many persons of literary turn of mind, to devote the evening, and often the night, to the pursuit of study. The reason is obvious: they are not so liable to meet with interruption as in the day. It is, however, very injurious to the health, which requires the regular refreshment of sleep; neither, unless they lead abstemious lives, are their ideas likely to be so clear and forcible.

Dr. JESCH, the author of the Jewish Antiquities, of a Treatise on Media, (which was printed by the famous Bakewell), and other writings, was, as I have been well informed, accustomed to rise at four every morning, and to remain in bed but four hours, employing several quiet hours in his studies, at a time when no one could be expected to intrude on his privacy.

His family being used to his plan, he gave no additional trouble to the servant; who, every morning, prepared the fire-place for the winter months, and, when the fire was lighted, he lighted his himself as soon as he rose.

By this regular system, he saw his friends with ease; put none to inconvenience; and preserved health to a good old age, in peace and tranquility.

As his circumstances permitted the expense, he usually made a round tour, once in the summer; this had beneficial effects also, and tended to recruit the exhausted spirits; all studious persons would do well to adopt such measures, with occasional relaxation, to prevent the weariness of constant exertion, which most, otherwise, inevitably happen.

Neither is it a good method to attempt to sustain nature under such exertions, by having recourse to fermentation, or spirituous liquors:—I recommend the following, for Dr. G. STURGEON.

Number of wires who have abandoned their houses to their lovers. 1,262

Of husbands who have deserted their wives. 2,367

Of married couples by agreement. 4,126

Of married couples who live in a state of indifference to each other. 162,920

Of married couples supposed to be happy, but who are not so. 1,102

Of married couples comparatively happy. 135

Of married couples who are truly happy.

GLOBES IN THE HUMORS OF THE EYE.—Messrs. Ribes and Deau have discovered globules in the humors of the eye, of a smaller size than those of the blood.—There are three orders of them: the first are in sinuous chaplets, and very apparent; the second are isolated, larger than the others, and surrounded by a thin membrane; the third are distinct.—It is not, however, stated whether there is any difference between the globules of the aqueous and those of the vitreous humor.

A French physician, M. Benouton, has lately investigated the cause of certain occupations in producing the pulmonary consumption. His attention was first attracted to the subject by witnessing the ravages made by that disease in the ranks of the 3d regiment. All persons employed in the first will present them for payment; and all persons indebted to the firm will please to make payment to WILLIAM STOCKLEY, who is engaged to receive and forward the same.

WILLIAM STOCKLEY, Tailor,
No. 126 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Has just received the Algonquins, E. Minister's latest Fashions.

Grand Bashaw.

THE UNRIVALLED Imported Arabian Horse, now offered for sale, or will be, on the 2d of October, at the stable of the 3d regiment, all persons who desire to witness the trials of the animals, and the adjustment of the harness, will be admitted to the hand writing required at that period, was lost, when applied to business requiring expedition. Specimens of improvement will be exhibited to those who may testify to the value of their services, and to any exhibited before the United States.

JOHN F. REEVES. On the premises.

For Sale or Rent.

YANKEE TANNERY, in the rear of the Canal House, on North Second street, opposite the Market House, (lower side,) where he sells for all Shoe Factories.

The shop is well adapted for retailing leather.

For further particulars enquire of SAMUEL ALLEN, Jr., No. 126 Chestnut street, or JOHN F. REEVES.

On the premises.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE January No. of the CASKET, being the first number, will contain a splendid engraving of the latest London Fashions, represented in five figures, as follows: Figure 1, Queen Adelais of France; Figure 2, a Turkey Dress; Figure 3, Half Dress; Figure 4, a Morning Visiting Dress; Figure 5, a Morning Walking Dress; Figure 6 an Undress Cap; Figure 7, an Evening Dress. Also, Views of the United States, and a Map of the Hudson River, and a new illustration of the Hudson plant, and a new covering order, and executing it in the best manner.

WILLIAM STOCKLEY, FRANCIS BRIGH.

WILLIAM STOCKLEY, Tailor,
No. 126 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Has just received the Algonquins, E. Minister's latest Fashions.

Foreign Varieties.

THE HUMBUGS.

The name of "Humbug" was given to this Club on account of the manner in which every new member was initiated. The system was to introduce two candidates at a time and set them quarrelling as soon as they were seated.

It did not succeed, however, to the point the difference originated; the members, expert in ruse, by taking sides, agreed to postpone the election till the following day.

Grand Bashaw was imported from Tripoli by the subscriber, to whom a premium of \$50 was awarded by the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society on account of his success in breeding Arabian horses.

M. Benouton was, therefore, led to extend his investigations to other occupations except a similar cause of consumption.

For terms apply to the owner in White Marsh Town, Philadelphia, or to the Greenmount Cheviot Hall and Spring House Turnpike Roads.

N. H. Any communication directed to White Marsh Post Office, as above, will be attended to.

JOSPEH C. MORGAN.

To be Sold at Public Sale.

ON Monday, the 29th day of February next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a valuable Farm, of five acres Limestone Land, situated in a beautiful neighborhood, Nonington, in the County of Philadelphia, and about one mile from the Spring Hill, the River Schuylkill, lands of David Harry, and the turnpike road, containing 200 acres, 25 of which are heavy timber land, the remainder of which is good grass.

The improvements are a two story stone dwelling house, with four rooms on a floor, and a large kitchen, with a fireplace, 10 by 12 feet, three stories high, and other convenient out buildings. There are two wells of excellent water, near the kitchen door, the other in the barn yard, with a pump.

There is an orchard on acid soil, which is 20 rods by 50 rods, and contains 200 fruit trees, mostly apple, peach, and plum.

The farm is in good condition, and well cultivated.

For terms apply to the owner in White Marsh.

JOHN F. REEVES.

On the premises.

Dancing and Waitzing School.

At No. 63 North Fourth Street.

M. AUGUST has the pleasure to announce

Twenty voices espoused his cause, and twenty seven the cause of "Order"! tended on to increase the confusion.

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